

NATIONAL RECORDER.

Containing Essays upon subjects connected with Political Economy, Science, Literature, &c.; Papers read before the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia; a Record of passing Events; Selections from Foreign Magazines, &c. &c.

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Political Economy.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

STRICTURES

On the "Inquiry into the Causes of Public Distress and Prosperity," by the writer in the National Gazette, under the signature of "SAY."

As in my opinion these essays contain a fundamental error, fatal to the writer's whole train of reasoning on the causes of public prosperity and distress, I shall endeavour to point it out to your readers, and, in so doing, submit to them my own views in relation to this important inquiry. Certain other mistakes, the legitimate consequences of the same gratuitous hypothesis, upon which his whole argument rests, and into which this writer has necessarily fallen, will also be noticed. The detection of these incidental errors, will thereby strengthen our conviction of the unsoundness of his general theory, and more completely insure its entire rejection.

Previous, however, to entering upon this examination, I must be permitted to express the high respect I entertain, not only for the talents displayed by this writer on so dry and difficult a subject of investigation, but for the philosophical dignity and candour with which it is conducted—an example worthy of imitation by all who undertake the discussion of controverted doctrines. He is, besides, undoubtedly in possession of many of the best lights to guide him in so abstruse and entangled a path, and has meditated deeply on the subject which has employed his pen.

The radical mistakes in these speculations, which I am about to examine, it has appeared to me, may be traced to the strong influence which the peculiar theoretical views of Mr. Ricardo have had on the mind of this economist. Captivated, perhaps, by the depth, ingenuity and acuteness with which Mr. Ricardo has supported and illustrated his hypothetical doctrines in relation to the nature of *value*, the writer of

these essays, in discussing a subject, the correct understanding of which must be so intimately connected with clear and accurate notions on this important point, has suffered his own powers of analysis to slumber, and adopted opinions, the fallacy of which his natural penetration, if vigorously exercised, would have enabled him to detect. I am fully sensible of the value and justness of many of his observations, especially those in relation to the subject of *currency*, contained in the third essay, and am not a little gratified in learning that so able an inquirer proposes hereafter to discuss this question at greater length. Nothing can more effectually contribute to recommend the science of political economy to more general notice in this country, and insure the reception and the practical application of its doctrines in our municipal codes, than the steady and continued direction of our most powerful minds to the elucidation of its various interesting problems.

Notwithstanding our difference of opinion on the causes of public prosperity and distress, I am very confident we shall agree in acknowledging, that the cause of genuine science, the great object, I trust, we both aim at, will best be promoted by free and unrestrained investigation, when prosecuted with fairness and decorum. Unconscious, for my own part, of having indulged in the captiousness of controversy, I feel assured it will not be imputed to me, either by the writer whose opinions I am about to submit to a free examination, or by the reader who shall honour my own speculations with an attentive perusal.

With these very general remarks, I will now proceed to enter upon the proposed strictures on this inquiry into the causes of public prosperity and distress. This discussion, then, commences with the following observations:

"From this inquiry *moral* distress is excluded. It is an *unmixed* question of political economy, concerning the employment and the profits of labour and capital."

I am at a loss, it must be confessed, here to understand, how *moral* distress can be excluded from an inquiry into the causes of public prosperity and distress, or in what way "the employment and the profits of labour and capital" can be considered as an *unmixed* question of political economy, if it be intended by the writer, as it obviously is, by this means to put us in possession of those ultimate facts, or general principles, which will always be sufficient to account for, and furnish an explanation of, all the phenomena observed in relation to this subject. If, to use an expression of the inquirer, "we begin with first principles and come down," it must, I apprehend, be conceded, that the profitable or unprofitable employment of human industry, natural powers and capital, the real agents engaged in production, essentially depends on the direct or immediate influence of moral, or if it be desirable to be more precise, of moral and political causes. Hence, every attempt to divest ourselves of these important considerations, in the investigation of an economical problem, with a view to give greater simplicity to its discussion, will cause us to reject one of the most essential elements necessary for its correct solution.

Dr. Adam Smith investigated the principles of the human frame, with a view to get at the only solid foundation capable of supporting those economical views which he developed with such uncommon clearness, beauty and strength. It was in this manner that he was enabled to ascertain that the steady demand by mankind for the products of labour had its origin in that desire to better our condition, which forms a part of the constitution of our nature, and which alone is sufficient to induce those sacrifices, constituting the cost of production, which insure their supply. He, therefore, most certainly considered whatever relates to the profitable or unprofitable employment of labour, as being intimately, nay inseparably, connected with those causes which retard or advance its employment and increase or diminish its profits. The great success with which this justly celebrated author prosecuted the inquiry into the causes of the wealth of nations, furnishes the most indisputable evidence of the soundness of his method of investigation.

Dr. Smith also remarked, in pursuing this inquiry, that little assistance was to be derived from the speculations of the ancients, who confined their attention to what

might have been termed by them, *unmixed* questions of political economy or finance, and rejected the consideration of those universal principles of human nature, which constitute, or at least ought to constitute, the foundation of all moral and political reasoning. Had the ancients possessed a more correct knowledge of these principles, as has been observed by a highly distinguished writer on moral science, their philosophers and historians would never have ascribed the decline of states "to the influence of wealth on national character;" nor have proposed "the banishment of the precious metals, as a perfect model of legislation."

None of the questions of political economy are unmixed with moral considerations, and it is impossible to obtain a correct solution of any one of them on the plan proposed and adopted by "SAY."—Moreover, it is this intimate and inseparable connexion between moral, political and economical science, to avail ourselves of the emphatic language of DUGALD STEWART, which "can alone dignify the calculations of profit and loss in the eye of the philosopher." It is, indeed, owing to these improved views, in relation to this latter science, that the attention of the philosophical world has of late been more generally attracted to it. Political economy, considered as a branch of study, now takes its place alongside of the inductive science of the human mind, and owes some of its most splendid and important illustrations to this very natural connexion.

—This writer, however, in laying down as preliminary to his inquiry, the necessity of excluding *moral* distress from what he considers to be a pure and *unmixed* question of political economy, as distinguished from and unconnected with moral principles, appears to have adopted this course, more from an opinion of its superior advantage in point of perspicuity and simplicity in treating a subject which unquestionably so much required it, than from any well defined or deep impression of its bearing upon the problem under consideration. If public prosperity, however, be not altogether dependant upon the employment and the profits of labour and capital, as I trust I shall be enabled to prove, it is of no small importance to have shown, that this method of stating the question, is not only altogether erroneous, but the prolific source of the various errors into which "SAY" has fallen.

The happiness and prosperity of man-

kind, as well as the foundation of a progressive improvement in their condition and character, when traced to their true origin, will be found to arise from the operation of those essential principles of the human frame, the appetites, desires and affections, which at all times urge them to every species of exertion, both speculative and active, conducive to their well being. The master-spring of human industry is the desire of bettering our condition. A necessary and almost manifest corollary from this well established position is, that the advancement of human improvement and happiness, as well as whatever contributes to the general comforts and accommodations of life, will be most effectually secured, not, as is maintained by the inquirer, from the employment and the profits of labour and capital, but *by the production of the greatest quantity of commodities* subservient to these important purposes. No other conclusion can be deduced from the foregoing premises. We are therefore in possession of the true object of our inquiry, to wit, the causes of public prosperity and distress; for, if public prosperity result from an augmentation of the *quantity* of commodities, public distress must likewise arise from their diminution.

Public prosperity is then manifestly referrible to whatever causes augment the products of industry, natural agents and capital, and is not a question, as contended by this writer, wholly turning on the employment and the profits of labour. Let me endeavour to make this more clearly appear by the following argument.

The prosperity of a community arises, as will be now admitted, from the proportion which the supply of its enjoyments bears to its demand for them, or, according to the more technical language of economists, upon the relation which production bears to consumption. Now, it is obvious that any diminution in the cost of production, must necessarily insure an augmentation of products, from thereby extending the demand for them. The cost of production can only be diminished by a diminution in the value of the agents employed in production, namely, natural powers, human industry and capital. This diminution of value, then, augments their quantity, and, hence, the profits of capital, and the rent of land, as well as the rewards of the productive services of all other natural agents, diminish, and the general prosperity results from causes obviously directly the reverse of those inferred from

the inaccurate position assumed by this writer.

Adam Smith has expressly laid it down, in the chapter of the *Wealth of Nations* on *stock* (capital), that "when profit diminishes merchants are very apt to complain that trade decays; though *the diminution of profit* is the natural effect of its prosperity, or of a greater stock being employed in it than before." This same view, in relation to the profits of capital, is maintained by M. Say (whose name has been adopted by this writer,) in his highly profound work on the principles of political economy. The inquirer, besides, has fallen into a mistake, I am sure unintentionally, in supposing that Say was of opinion, that the low rate of interest was no proof of national prosperity. I will only refer him to the numerous passages in his treatise, in which he speaks of the great benefits conferred upon society, by diminishing the cost of production of all commodities, which can only be effected by reducing the profits of capital, or in other words, the interest of money.

The wages of labour would also receive a correspondent depression, were it not that the increase of capital and natural agents create new and more extensive demands for the industry of man. Driven from those employments engrossed by capital and natural agents, his industry receives a new direction and very naturally finds its way into those channels in which a disadvantageous struggle with the other agents of production can no longer take place, and obtain rewards augmented by the absence of all competition. Employments are opened to mankind more conducive to the development of their intellectual faculties, the peculiar powers now called into operation, and thus their moral happiness is most effectually promoted by the same means that insure an increase to their physical enjoyments. Such is the beautiful provision made by nature in the principles of our constitution, to secure the progressive improvement in the character and condition of the human race. The natural effect of the growth of national wealth, when not perverted to the purposes of war, must be to augment the happiness and prosperity of society.

General distress, on the other hand, must also result from a diminution in the amount of production; not from a diminution of the profits of capital and natural agents. The transition from a state of war to a state of peace, by causing the cessation of the demand for a particular class of commodities, very often produces a great deal of

distress to the persons engaged in their production. The reason that this suffering will be less in a *new* than in an *old* country, is not because "the population is less dense, and the labourers discharged from one employment, find employment at reduced prices speedily in other labours," but from the circumstance that, in a new country, the commodities for which the demand has ceased, are principally produced by *circulating*, instead of *fixed*, capitals. It is not in my power, nor will my time at present admit, to do any thing more than thus briefly notice this error.

The great and fruitful causes of most public calamities and distress, have their origin in *war*. The destruction of capital which war brings about, is in itself sufficient to account for all the evils which at different periods have afflicted the human race. Of what avail is it that a new impulse is given to *demand*, if the means of supply are cut off. This, however, is not the case, and it has been by no author more clearly established than by M. Say, in his admirable and highly original chapter on "Markets," in which it will be seen that the only *demand* for production arises from the creation of products.

I have thus, I trust, pointed out the true causes of public prosperity and distress. It only remains for me to notice one or two more errors of this inquirer. He says: "that an individual ought not to spend more than his income, but his expenditure ought to be, according to that proportion, *as large as his income*: it should, indeed, be well spent: but it is both a moral and political vice *to have much and spend little*." Now M. Say, in speaking of the profits of capital, remarks: "On ignorait que l'argent épargné pour le faire valoir est dépensé tout de même (puisque, si on l'enfouissait, on ne le ferait pas valoir), qu'il est dépensé d'une manière cent fois plus profitable à l'indigence, et qu'un homme laborieux n'est jamais assuré de pouvoir gagner sa subsistance que là où il se trouve un capital *mis en réserve* pour l'occuper. *Ce préjugé* contre les riches qui ne dépensent pas tout leur revenu, est encore dans beaucoup de têtes," &c.

Foreign commerce undoubtedly has "a vivifying and benign influence upon the countries which have enjoyed it;" but not altogether "by perpetually sustaining old and creating new *demands*," the reasons assigned by this writer. Commercial industry, like every other branch of industry, gives a new *value* to the commodities on which it is employed, by placing them

within the reach of the consumer, in this way changing their *form*, but exactly in the same manner as is done by agriculture and manufactures. In no sort of production is there *any creation of matter*, and upon a close examination the most striking analogy will be found to exist between all these three modes of productions, in many instances running into each other.

GALIANI.

Agriculture.

Extract from an Address delivered before an Agricultural Society in Massachusetts, by Josiah Quincy.

Before passing to treat, very briefly, the remaining topic of discourse, may I be permitted to say a word on the style of our buildings? It will be worth the time, if it make only one man, about to build, consider.

The fault is not peculiar to farmers—it is true of men in almost every rank and condition of life—that, when about to build, they often exceed their means, and almost always go beyond the real wants of their families, and the actual requisition of their other relations in life. But, let not the sound, practical, good sense of the country be misled, by the false taste and the false pride of the city; where wealth, fermenting by reason of the greatness of its heaps, is ever fuming away in palaces—the objects of present transitory pride, and too often of future, long continued, repentance.

Now, what do we sometimes see in the country? Why a thriving farmer, touched with this false taste, will throw up a building 30 or 40 feet square, 2 or 2½ stories high, four rooms on a floor, with an immeasurable length of out-building behind. And what is the consequence of all this greatness? Why often, for years, the house will not be wholly glazed; or, if glazed, not clapboarded; or, if clapboarded, not finished; the destined portico is never put up; the destined front step is never put down; and the ragged clapboards, on each side of the front door, there they stand, year in, and year out, staring and gaping at each other, with a look of utter despair of ever being united.

And if you go into these mansions what do you see? Why you will often find, that, while the good man of the house and his consort are snugly provided with warm well plastered rooms, the children and all the rest of the family sleep about in unfinished

chambers, subject to every sort of exposure; and "the best room," as it is called, in the original plan of the mansion, there it stands, the lumber room of the family for half a century; the select and eternal abode of crickets and cockroaches, and all sorts of creeping and skipping things; full of old iron and old leather, the stuffing of decayed saddles; the ragged relics of torn bedquilts, and the orts and ends of twenty generations of corn cobs.

When will man learn, that his true dignity as well as happiness consists in proportion? In the proportion of means to ends; of purposes to means; of conduct to the condition of life, in which a kind Providence has placed him; and to the relations of things concerning which, it has destined, he should act.

The pride of the farmer should be out in his fields. In their beauty, in their order, in their product, he should place the gratification of his humble and honourable ambition. The farmer's great want is capital. Never should his dwelling be splendid at the expense of his farm. In this, all that is surplus in his capital should concentrate. Whatever is uselessly expended elsewhere is so much lost to his family and his fortune.

I shall now recur briefly to another class of deficiencies—the want of system in the plans of our farmers.

System relates to time, to courses, and to modes of husbandry. A full elucidation of each topic would embrace the whole circle of farming dispositions and duties. The time will not permit any thing more than a recurrence to one or two leading ideas. Want of system in agriculture leads to loss of time and increase of expense. System has chief reference to succession of crops, to sufficiency of hands, and to selections of instruments. As to the succession of crops, called rotation, almost the only plan of our farmers is to get their lands into grass as soon as possible, and then to keep them in grass as long as possible. The consequence of this practice, for it deserves not the name of a system, is to lead to the disuse, or rather to the least possible use, of that great source of agricultural riches, the plough. Accordingly, it has almost become a maxim, that the plough is the most expensive of all instruments; and, of consequence, as much as possible to be avoided. And so it is, and so it must be, as the business of our farms is managed. By keeping lands down to grass as long as possible, that is, as long as the hay product will pay for mowing and making; the con-

sequence is, that our lands, when we are obliged reluctantly to put the plough into them, are bound, and matted, and crossbarred, with an impervious, inextricable, infrangible web of root and sod. Hence results a grand process, called "a breaking up," with 4, 5, or 6 head of cattle, as the case may be, with three men, one at the ox head, a second at the plough beam, and the third at the plough handle. Is there any wonder that such a ploughing apparatus is an object of aversion?

It is impossible for any man to witness "a breaking up" of this kind without being forcibly reminded of the reflection made by a dry Dutch commentator, on that passage in the book of Kings, where it is said, that "Elisha was found ploughing with 12 yoke of oxen." "Well!" said the commentator, "it is no wonder that Elisha was glad enough to quit ploughing for prophesying, if he could not break up with less than twelve yoke of oxen."

In fact, the plough is the natural instrument of the farmer's prosperity, and the system of every farmer ought to have reference to facilitating and increasing its use. Let a rotation be adopted embracing two or three years' successive ploughings, for deepening and pulverizing crops, to be succeeded by grain and grass, for two or three years more. The plough, on its return every five, six, or seven years, finds, in such case, the land mellow, soft, unimplicated by root, and tender in sod. The consequence is, that "a breaking up" is then done with one yoke of oxen and one man. The expense is comparatively small. There is nothing to deter, and every thing to invite the farmer to increase the use of that most invaluable of all instruments. It ought to be a principle that our farming should be so systematized that all "breaking up" should be done with one yoke of oxen and one man; who both drives and directs the plough.

Systematic agriculture also requires a sufficiency of hands. Whatever scale of farming any man undertakes to fill, hands enough to do it well are essential. Although this is a plain dictate of common sense, yet the want of being guided by it, in practice, is one great cause of ill success in our agriculture. Because we hear every day, that "labour runs away with all profits in farming," almost every farmer lays it down as a maxim, to do with as little labour as possible. Now, this maxim almost always results in practice, in doing with less than he ought. The effect is almost every where seen in loss of time; loss of season; loss of the en-

ploy of working cattle, and loss, or deterioration, of crop. Now, in truth, labour, as such, never yet diminished any man's profit; on the contrary, it is the root and spring of all profit. Labour unwisely directed and unskilfully managed is, indeed, a great consumer of the farmer's prosperity. But labour, wisely directed and skilfully managed, can, from the nature of things, result in nothing else than profit. What is skilful management, and what is wise direction of labour, opens a field almost boundless; and not to be attempted on the present occasion. A single remark must suffice. The great secret of European success in agriculture, is stated to be "much labour on, comparatively, little land." Now, the whole tenor of Massachusetts husbandry, from the first settlement of the country, has been little labour on much land. Is it wonderful, then, that success should be little or nothing, when conduct is in direct violation of principle on which the success depends?

With respect to utensils, too, system requires that they should be the most perfect of their kind; and always the most perfect in their state.

Great profits in agriculture can result only from great improvements of the soil. Great improvements of the soil can result only from unremitting industry. The chief study of every farmer should be, *what is useful, and what is useless expense, in relation to his art.* The discrimination between these is the master key of the farmer's prosperity. The first should be incurred with a freedom little short of profusion. The last should be shunned, as the sailor shuns the rocks where are seen the wreck of the hopes of preceding mariners.

In this art, and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand which maketh rich."

Liberality in providing utensils is the saving both of time and of labour. The more perfect his instruments, the more profitable are they.

So also it is with his working cattle and his stock. The most perfect in their kinds are ever the most profitable.

Liberality in good barns and warm shelters is the source of health, strength, and comfort, to animals; causes them to thrive on less food, and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also, in the provision of food for domestic animals, is the source of flesh, muscle, and manure.

Liberality to the earth, in seed, culture, and compost, is the source of its bounty.

Thus it is, in agriculture, as in every

part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty and our happiness.

In cultivating the earth, the condition of man's success is his industry upon it.

In raising domestic animals, the condition of his success is kindness and benevolence to them.

In making the productiveness of the earth depend upon the diligence and wisdom of the cultivator, the Universal Father has inseparably connected the fertility of his creation with the strongest intellectual inducements, and the highest moral motives.

In putting the brutal world under his dominion, he has placed the happiness of which their nature is susceptible under the strong guaranty of man's interest.

Instead, therefore, of repining at his lot, let the cultivator of the ground consider his as among the highest and happiest of all human destinies, since in relation to the earth, he is the instrument of heaven's bounty, and, in relation to the inferior orders of creation, the almoner of Providence.



FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

Method of cutting off Corn and stacking it in the field, described.

Morefield, Hardy County, (Va.)

Dear Sir—You inform me that the experiments made in your state, of taking the corn off the field with the fodder, have not succeeded.

That the corn was subject to rot, if the weather was warm or wet; also, that it increased the labour.

Our method is as follows: We are prepared with cutting knives made out of worn out or broken grass scythes; one, cut in the middle, will make two corn cutters; the back of the but-end drawn into a spike, and a piece of wood put on something like a sickle handle. We begin on the side of our field that seems to be the driest. A boy goes on between the 8th and 9th rows, and counts to the 8th hill, then ties or locks together the four centre hills above the ears, which four hills are not to be cut, but left for a support to begin the stack; he then counts on sixteen hills further, and ties the four hills in the same manner, and so on to the end of the rows and field.

The two first cutters take, one the seventh and eighth, and the other the ninth and tenth rows; the two next cutters take the fifth and sixth, and the eleventh and twelfth; they walk between these rows and take the corn hill under their left arm,

and cut it near the ground, and cast it forward, so as to put five or six hills together: the carriers take it and set it round the four hills tied and left standing; setting it up straight and well, putting as near as they can an equal proportion all round, if we are doubtful our corn is too green, or the weather too warm or wet. After the first eight rows are cut and set up, we begin the next row of stalks, and go on leaving eight and cutting eight rows throughout our crop; in a few days the half stack will be cured: we then begin with the first, and cut and put to them the last eight rows; when the stacks have had three or four days to cure, we tie them about two-thirds of their height from the ground, to prevent the fall winds from disturbing them. In this way eight hands will secure ten acres per day, and the fodder will be good. We find it better than hay, so much of the saccharine substance being retained in the stalk, that large cattle eat it too near the ground. I believe that ten acres saved in this way will be nearly equal to twenty any other way that we have saved it. The part of our crop that we want for immediate use, to fatten pork, &c. we husk on the stalk, and cut and stack the fodder, in the same way, only we finish the stacks as we go. Care should be taken to cut near the ground, or the stubs will be in the way of cutting the grain with the cradle, as there will be some the harrower will not pull up.

The above method we have practised for at least twenty years, and could not keep the stock we do now any other way. There will be found a great difference in corn. The hard, white, or yellow flint, will do to cut up, when the fodder is much greener, and better than the large deep grained corn. It is also advantageous to cut green or young corn, that will not ripen before frost—as much more will become good by being cut up and stacked, than will be so if it is frostbit, and the fodder will be very fine; it appears to receive sustenance from the stalk long after it is cut up. Yours, &c.

ABEL SEYMOUR.

Record.

A LEGITIMATE CHINESE STATE PAPER.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

TRANSLATION.

Paper from the Acting Viceroy, through the Hoppo, to the Hong Merchants, dated January 17th, 1820.

AN, by imperial appointment, the commissioner of customs on foreign commerce, at the

port of Canton, hereby issues his commands to the Hong merchants.

I have received an official document from the acting viceroy, of which the following is a copy:

An expose has been received from the Poo Ching Sye (Treasurer), which reads thus:

[On the 22d of the 10th month, in the 24th year of the Kea King, I received a letter from the acting viceroy, couched in these words—]

“With all possible expedition, institute an immediate consultation on the question, whether or not Heenle’s American cruiser, which has come to Canton as convoy to their merchant vessels, shall be put upon the same footing as the English cruisers, and have a compredore given her? Make not the least delay in deliberating on this question, and return an answer.”

Agreeably to the notification, I transmitted an order to an inferior officer to collect information, and deliberate on the subject; and have now received the Kwang Chow Foo’s answer in these words:

“I, an inferior officer, having humbly investigated the subject, find, that in the 19th year of Kea King, the following arrangement was made by authority:—The English, alone, of all other foreign nations, have ships of war that come to Canton, as convoy to their merchantships from the mother country. This is an instance of the needful attention and care of that country. The place of anchorage for those ships of war, was, by an order from court, decided to be either at Ling-ting or Cabercta Point. As long as the merchantmen were in port, the ships of war were, as usual, to have a compredore allowed them, but after the merchantmen sailed, the cruisers were no longer allowed to linger about on the coast. This was done in conformity to old regulations. This arrangement stands on record, and I have copied it and referred to it particularly for illustration. As the Americans heretofore had no cruisers which came to Canton, the arrangement pointed solely and only to the English. Heenle’s American cruiser has now anchored at Ling-ting, and, according to the Nanchoy’s statement of the Hong merchants’ declaration to the ship’s coming here, arises from the circumstance of the American merchantmen having to pass Spain in their way, and therefore the said nation had ordered the said cruiser to cruise about, and convoy the merchantmen—a gale of wind had driven her to Ling-ting, where she anchored, but she had no other cause or reason for coming. However, as she had been long at sea, and many of the sailors were sick, and provisions wanting, she will require to buy some, and to repair the vessel, sails, and ropes; but she has no person to make the necessary purchases. These appeared to be the facts.

“It may be right to accord with the said chief’s earnest entreaty and solicitation, and the request of the said Nanchoy; to imitate the regulations made for the English cruisers, and to allow a compredore to be given, in order to manifest the tender hospitality of the Celestial Empire to remote foreigners, all of whom it views with equal benevolence; and further, it may be right to enjoin the Hong merchants to ascertain how many American merchantmen yet remain in the port, and how many persons the said

cruiser requires to act as *compredores*, and to do the same in this case as with other foreign ships, viz. to request the Hoppo to decide the number of persons: to order the Hong merchants to select safe men to act as *compredores*, and to inquire when all the merchantmen have sailed, after which the cruiser must not be permitted to linger about on the coast; and further, to command the said chief, that, when peace prevails at sea, a cruiser must not again be allowed to come as convoy, that there may be conformity to old regulations."

[Thus far the statement of Kwang Chow Foo came before me, the Treasurer, and, on re-examining the question, I have no different reasons to offer, but transmit the information, and wait for further orders.]

I, the acting viceroy, also received a document from the honourable the *Superior tendent* of customs (the Hoppo), couched in these words:

[I, the Hoppo, received an official document from your honour, the acting viceroy, requesting me to interrogate the Hong merchants, and order them to communicate my commands to the said nation's chief, and require an explicit answer to these questions.—What are the names of the merchant vessels convoyed to Canton by Heenle's cruiser? Where are those merchantmen anchored? Have they yet sailed to return home, or have they not? Return an immediate and true answer.]

I, the Hoppo, have, on receiving this document, ordered the Hong merchants to make the required interrogations and return an answer, which they have done to this effect:

"We, in obedience to the orders given, went in person to the foreign temporary residence, and took the orders we had received, and communicated the orders to the American nation's chief, Wilcocks, and he, after making the necessary inquiries, returned these answers:—"My foreign country's cruiser Heenle has received orders from authority to go to sea, and keep in subjection every merchantman that may come from my country to Canton, without any exception, no matter what the name may be; it is his duty to cruise throughout the whole course of the passage, to look after the merchantmen and convoy them. Again, there are of my country's merchantmen, at Canton, ten sail; their names are, Fee-la, and so on; they are now anchored at Whampoa, and have not yet set sail to return home," &c.

"We, the Hong merchants, in obedience to the orders given us, communicated the injunctions, and now present the above answers."

[I, the Hoppo, again charged the Hong merchants to reiterate former orders to the said chief, requiring him to hasten the departure of the cruiser as soon as ever the merchantmen left the port, and to go away and convoy them; for, if she lingered about in the least degree, her offence would make it necessary to drive away by force, and now transmit the answer to you, the acting viceroy.]

On these several documents coming before me, the acting viceroy, I have examined the sub-

ject, and declare my opinion to be this:—That, as for all foreign nations trading to Canton, the English alone have heretofore had ships to convoy their merchantmen; exclusive of them, no other nation has had cruisers coming as convoy, and as Na-a, former viceroy, made a full statement of the affair to the emperor, before it was acceded to, as stands on record, the Americans, if they find it necessary to appoint a cruiser to convoy their ships to Canton, it is incumbent on the said nation's chief to present a petition to the honourable the Hoppo, requesting him to confer with the local authorities, and to write in writing to the emperor, desiring to know whether what is requested may be acceded to, or not; it is inexpedient to allow them to take upon themselves to appoint, in an underhand manner, the said vessel, and the affair turned out afterwards to be different from recorded statements to the emperor.

Further, as to what is said to the proposed arrangement, that the cruiser is for convoy, and after the merchantmen leave, the cruiser must not linger about on the coast. Since the cruiser is designated "convoy," it is necessary that she do actually convoy the ships, and go and come with them, and it is required that the names of the ships convoyed be distinctly and positively specified, to enable us to make, whenever occasion may require it, the appropriate examinations. As to what the said chief says so abruptly, that 'Heenle's cruiser convoys the whole of our merchantmen, no matter what their names may be, it is her duty to protect and convoy them through the whole course of the passage, and that there are ten of our ships that have not yet sailed,' &c.

On inquiry, it appears that Fee-la and the other nine ships came, some sooner and some later, to Whampoa. How could Heenle's one cruiser protect and convoy ten ships? and, moreover, of the American merchantmen one is coming and another going, one after another, at various intervals of time, and their names are entered at the custom-house as coming in and going out, whilst all the while Heenle's cruiser remains long anchored at Ling-ting; and we perceive no sort of protection or convoy that he affords them. What the chief says contradicts itself. As there is now peace prevailing in the Chinese seas, and, according to what the said foreigner said, when they were interrogated, viz. that there were foreign pirates on the Spanish coast, and, therefore, the cruiser was ordered to sea; and that she was driven to Ling-ting by stress of weather; such cruisers as these, in times past, have been restricted to the ocean; there was no occasion for her to come out and anchor in the waters of Canton.

The time, since she has suffered in the gale, it is proper for me to allow her to repair, and to give her a *compredore* to display a tender hospitality; and, therefore, I give the necessary instructions to the judge, treasurer, and all other officers concerned, to yield obedience to what I have granted. And I write hereby to the Hoppo, and hope that he will order the Hong merchants to state to the said nation's chief that the laws and institutions of the Celestial Empire are most strict: that, as the said country has not heretofore had any cruiser appointed to Canton, it is inadmissible to appoint

one in an underhand manner of their own accord, and without reference to the emperor. On this occasion, as Heenle has been driven here by stress of weather, he is allowed, for the time being, to anchor, and to have a compredore, which is a piece of kindness beyond the limits of a strict propriety; but this indulgence must not be drawn in to form a precedent. He is required to make the utmost despatch in getting ready for his departure, and he is not allowed to make further pretexts to gain time, and linger about, which course of proceeding would implicate him in guilt that would not be passed over without inquiry.

Thus the acting viceroy has written to me, the Hoppo, and I write all that has passed, and put it into this official form, and hereby command the Hong merchants to inform the said nation's chief, that the laws and institutions of the Celestial Empire are most strict, (and, in the close of the viceroy's letter,) do not oppose a special edict.

Kea King, 24th year, 12th moon, 2d day.

Miscellany.

From the New York Columbian.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

By the favour of Dr. Mitchill we are enabled to lay before our readers the following very interesting letter from J. Robinson, esq. The magnitude of the discovery will not fail to arrest the attention of every one, and the surprise is, that such an extent of land and so situated should not before have been generally known. It is said, however, to have been discovered some years since by some American whalers, and the knowledge of it concealed for mercantile purposes.

Valparaiso, January 23, 1820.

Sir—I avail myself of an opportunity to write by the way of England, to notify you of a recent important discovery of land in the South Seas.

In the month of February, of the past year, captain Smith, master of the British merchant brigantine Williams, on a passage from Buenos Ayres to this port, round Cape Horn, in lat. 61 40 south, discovered land. When he arrived here, he reported what he had seen, but most persons were incredulous. Mortified by this scepticism, upon his return passage to Monte Video, he sailed to the southward to ascertain whether he had been deceived or not; but meeting with bad weather, and encountering ice, he was obliged to desist and prosecute his voyage; yet without abandoning his original intention, or losing his sanguine belief of the existence of land in the neighbourhood. In Monte Video, he prepared his vessel rather better than common, and proceeded a second time, round the cape towards Valparaiso, and on the 15th of October was gratified by a second sight of the same land he had seen before. The water was then high coloured, and he sounded in sixty-five fathoms, black and white sand and shells. The soundings gradually decreased to twenty-five fathoms and

less, but coarser, and of an oozy, greenish colour, as he approached the shore.

Captain Smith was obliged to stand off and on, by a heavy swell, until the 17th ultimo, when he landed in lat. 64 43 south, and 57 10 west longitude, by observation and an excellent chronometer.

Here he saw many seals, sea lions, whales, and sea fowls—all perfectly fearless, and unacquainted with danger.

This land he calls a continent, and gave it the name of *New South Britain*, upon which he hoisted the British flag.

On the north coast of this land there is a chain or line of islands, from two to ten miles distant from the main, to which he gave the name of *Penguin Islands*. Between these islands and the main land, there is a kind of channel, from two to ten miles wide, with some current—and in one place an appearance of breakers, produced probably by a narrow passage and sunken rocks. The passage there is not more than a mile wide, but captain Smith did not explore it.

Captain Smith coasted to the west and west by south, sometimes inside of the islands, at others between them and the main, to the latitude of 63 degrees 53 minutes south, longitude 64 west; the wind then blowing from the southwest, he took his departure and steered from the land northwest by west, when it bore south and west, as far as could be discerned with good glasses, and with every appearance of its extending further. He describes the whole of this land, both the main and the islands, as being very high, even above the clouds, and the summits as having being covered with snow, and with generally a sterile, barren aspect, but with some indications of vegetation, shrubbery and wood in the vallies and apertures of the hills and mountains, and likewise with rivers and creeks. He stretched along this coast three hundred miles, with generally cool, pleasant weather, but not having been properly provided with boats, he did not attempt to land, notwithstanding he saw fine bays and sandy beaches.

Capt. Smith saw many fish of all colours and sizes, and different denominations. The most remarkable resembled the codfish of Cape Augully Bank, and the Isle Juan Fernandez. The whales were like those of Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straits. Besides these, he saw a species of white whale and black fish.

The soundings, or rather the matter drawn up with the lead, at each cast, are preserved. I have seen them, and likewise a draft of the land, by a good hand. Capt. Sheriff, the commander of the *Andromache*, and other British naval forces in these seas, will despatch a vessel in a few days to survey this land and report upon it.

Thinking this discovery may be interesting to you, sir, inasmuch as it may be the means of throwing a new light upon geography, navigation, and theory of the earth, I take the liberty to communicate the information, in the hopes that the facts will be gratifying to the Lyceum and useful to society in general.

Permit me to hint, that it is probable many great discoveries are yet to be made in this hemisphere, and that much has escaped the most

curious observers in the Pacific ocean. Should the government of the United States equip and commission a vessel, with suitable persons for a voyage of discovery to this quarter of the world, I think that the government and nation would be amply rewarded by the acquisition of knowledge, in addition to the conscious satisfaction, arising from having patronized and promoted laudable intelligence, adventure and enterprise.

Perhaps new sources of wealth, happiness, power and revenue would be disclosed, and science itself be benefited thereby. The land lately discovered lies in the track of vessels bound into and out of the Pacific ocean. With great respect I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, J. ROBINSON.

*To the Honourable Samuel L. Mitchill, L. L. D.
President of the Lyceum of Natural History,
New York, &c. &c. &c.*

Criticisms on the Living Novelists.

(Continued from p. 184.)

MACKENZIE.

Although our veneration for Mackenzie has induced us to commence this series of articles with an attempt to express our sense of his genius, we scarcely know how to criticise its exquisite creations. The feelings which they have awakened within us are too old and too sacred almost for expression. We scarcely dare to scrutinize with a critic's ear, the blending notes of that sad and soft music of humanity which they breathe. We feel as if there were a kind of privacy in our sympathies with them—as though they were a part of ourselves, which strangers knew not—and as if in publicly expressing them, we were violating the sanctities of our own souls. We must recollect, however, that our readers know them as well as we do, and then to dwell with them tenderly on their merits, will seem like discoursing of the long cherished memories of friends we had in common, and of sweet sorrows participated in childhood.

The purely sentimental style in which the tales of Mackenzie are written, though deeply felt by the people, has seldom met with due appreciation from the critics. It has its own genuine and peculiar beauties, which we love the more the longer we feel them. Its consecrations are altogether drawn from the soul. The gentle tinges which it casts on human life are shed not from the imagination or the fancy, but from the affections. It represents, indeed, humanity as more tender, its sorrows as more gentle, its joys as more abundant, than they appear to common observers. But this is not effected by those influences of the ima-

gination which consecrate whatever they touch; which detect the secret analogies of beauty, and bring kindred graces from all parts of nature to heighten the images which they reveal. It affects us rather by casting off from the soul, those impurities and littlenesses which it contracts in the world, than by foreign aids. It appeals to those simple emotions which are not the high prerogatives of genius, but which are common to all who are "made of one blood," and partake in one primal sympathy. The holiest feelings, after all, are those which would be the most common if gross selfishness and low ambition froze not "the genial current of the soul." The meanest and most ungifted have their gentle remembrances of early days. Love has tinged the life of the artizan and the cottager with something of the romantic. The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting places in their journeys; some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them; some soft plats of green refreshing to their weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity, require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them. Too often, indeed, are the simplicities of nature, and the native tenderness of the soul, nipped and chilled by those low anxieties which lie on them "like an untimely frost." "The world is too much with us." We become lawyers, politicians, merchants, and forget that we are men, and sink in our transitory vocations, that character which is to last for ever. A tale of sentiment—such as those of that honoured veteran whose works we would now particularly remember—awakens all these pulses of deep sympathy with our kind, of whose beatings we had become almost unconscious. It does honour to humanity by stripping off its artificial disguises. Its magic is not like that by which Arabian enchanters raised up glittering spires, domes, and palaces, by a few cabalistic words; but resembles their power to disclose veins of precious ore where all seemed sterile and blasted. It gently puts aside the brambles which overcast the stream of life, and lays it open to the reflexions of those delicate clouds which lie above it in the heavens. It shows to us the soft undercurrents of feeling, which neither time nor circumstances can wholly stop; and the depth of affection in the soul, which nothing but sentiment itself can fathom. It disposes us to pensive thought—expands

the sympathies—and makes all the half-forgotten delights of youth “come back upon our hearts again,” to soften and to cheer us.

Too often has the sentiment of which we have spoken, been confounded with sickly affectations in a common censure. But no things can be more opposite than the paradoxes of the inferior order of German sentimentalists and the works of a writer like Mackenzie. Real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth. It is more ancient as well as more certain in its operations, than the reasoning faculties. We know and feel before we think; we perceive before we compare; we enjoy before we believe. As the evidence of sense is stronger than that of testimony, so the light of our inward eye more truly shows to us the secrets of the heart, than the most elaborate process of reason. Riches, honours, power, are transitory—the things which appear, pass away—the shadows of life alone are stable and unchanging. Of the recollections of infancy nothing can deprive us. Love endures, even if its object perishes, and nurtures the soul of the mourner. Sentiment has a kind of divine alchymy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts, and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures. The sorrows over which it sheds its influence are “ill barter’d for the garishness of joy;” for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling. It endures, not only while fortune changes, but while opinions vary, which the young enthusiast fondly hoped would never forsake him. It remains when the unsubstantial pageants of goodliest hope vanish. It binds the veteran to the child by ties which no fluctuations even of belief can alter. It preserves the only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains—connecting our past with our present being by delicate ties, so subtle, that they vibrate to every breeze of feeling, yet so strong that the tempests of life have not power to break them. It assures us that what we have been we shall be, and that our human hearts shall vibrate with their first sympathies, while the species shall endure.

We think that, on the whole, Mackenzie is the first master of this delicious style. Sterne, doubtless, has deeper touches of humanity in some of his works. But there is no sustained feeling—no continuity of emotion—no extended range of thought, over which the mind can brood in his ingenious and fantastical writings. His spirit

is far too mercurial and airy to suffer him tenderly to linger over those images of sweet humanity which he discloses. His cleverness breaks the charm which his feeling spreads, as by magic, around us. His exquisite sensibility is ever counteracted by his perceptions of the ludicrous, and his ambition after the strange. No harmonious feeling breathes from any of his pieces. He sweeps “that curious instrument, the human heart,” with hurried fingers, calling forth in rapid succession its deepest and its liveliest tones, and making only marvellous discord. His pathos is, indeed, most genuine while it lasts; but the soul is not suffered to cherish the feeling which it awakens. He does not shed, like Mackenzie, one mild sweet light on the path of life; but scatters on it wild corruscations of ever shifting brightness, which, while they sometimes disclose spots of inimitable beauty, often do but fantastically play over objects dreary and revolting. All in Mackenzie is calm, gentle, harmonious. No play of mistimed wit, no flourish of rhetoric, no train of philosophical speculation, for a moment diverts our sympathy. Each of his best works is like one deep thought, and the impression which it leaves, soft, sweet, and undivided as the summer evening’s holiest and latest sigh.

The only exception which we can make to this character, is the *Man of the World*. Here the attempt to attain intricacy of plot disturbs the emotion which, in the other works of the author, is so harmoniously excited. A tale of sentiment should be most simple. Its whole effect depends on its keeping the tenor of its predominant feeling unbroken. Another defect in this story is, the length of time over which it spreads its narrative. Sindall, alone, connects the two generations which it embraces, and he is too mean and uninteresting thus to appear both as the hero and the chorus. When a story is thus continued from a mother to a daughter, it seems to have no legitimate boundary. The painful remembrance of the former interferes with our interest for the latter, and the present difficulties of the last deprive us of those emotions of fond retrospection, which the fate of the first would otherwise awaken. Still there are in this tale scenes of pathos delicious as any which even the author himself has drawn. The tender-pleasure which the *Man of Feeling* excites is wholly without alloy. Its hero is the most beautiful personification of gentleness, patience, and meek sufferings, which the heart can conceive. *Julia de Roubigné* however is, on

the whole, the most delightful of the author's works. There is in this tale enough of plot to keep alive curiosity, and sharpen the interest which the sentiment awakens, without any of those strange turns and perplexing incidents which break the current of sympathy. The diction is in perfect harmony with the subject—"most musical; most melancholy"—with "golden cadences" responsive to the thoughts. There is a delicacy of loveliness, a plaintive charm in the image presented to us of the heroine, too sweet almost to dwell on. How exquisite is the description given of her by her maid, in a letter to her friend, relating to her fatal marriage:—"She was dressed in a white muslin nightgown, with striped lilac and white ribands; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls. And to be sure, with her dark brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time." And yet, such is the feeling communicated to us by the whole work, that we are ready to believe even this artless picture an inadequate representation of that beauty which we never cease to feel. How natural and tear-moving is the letter of Savillon to his friend, describing the scenes of his early love, and recalling, with intense vividness, all the little circumstances which aided its progress! What an idea, in a single expression, does Julia give of the depth and the tenderness of her affection, when describing herself as taking lessons in drawing from her lover, she says that she felt something from the touch of his hand, "not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight: it was *like a pulse in the soul!*" The last scenes of this novel are matchless. Never was so much of the terrific alleviated by so much of the pitiful. The incidents are most tragic; yet over them is diffused a breath of sweetness, which softens away half their anguish, and reconciles us to that which remains. Our minds are prepared, long before, for the early nipping of that delicate blossom, for which this world was too bleak. Julia's last interview with Savillon mitigates her doom, partly by the

joy her heart has tasted, and which nothing afterwards in life could equal, and partly by the certainty that she must either become guilty or continue wretched. Nothing can be at once sweeter and more affecting than her ecstatic dream after she has taken the fatal mixture, her seraphical playing on the organ, to which the waiting angels seem to listen, and her tranquil recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness with her friend, as she imagines her arms about her neck, and fancies that her Maria's tears are falling on her bosom. Then comes Montaubon's description of her as she drank the poison:—"She took it from me smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health! She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale silk ribands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder." We do not think even the fate of "the gentle lady married to the Moor" calls forth tears so sweet as those which fall for the Julia of Mackenzie.

We rejoice to know and feel that these delicious tales cannot perish. Since they were written, indeed, the national imagination has been, in a great degree, perverted by strong excitements, and "fed on poisons till they have become a kind of nutriment." But the quiet and unassuming beauties of these works depend not on the fashion of the world. They cannot be out of date till the dreams of young imagination shall vanish, and the deepest sympathies of love and hope shall be chilled for ever. While other works are extolled, admired, and reviewed, these will be loved and wept over. Their author, in the evening of his days, may truly feel that he has not lived in vain. Gentle hearts shall ever owe to him their sweetest tears, and blend their thought of him among their remembrances of the benefactors of their youth. And when the fever of the world "shall hang upon the beatings of their hearts," how often will their spirits turn to him, who, as he cast a soft seriousness over the morning of life, shall assist in tranquillizing its noontide sorrows! [New Monthly Mag.

PUNCTUALITY.

An English traveller, who has just published an account of a journey in Holland, makes the following remark: "The Dutch are as punctual as they are industrious and

parsimonious. The diligences and treck-schuyts start at the time appointed, during the striking of the clock. If you are told that the hour is seven, you may be sure to be away before the fourth of the seven strokes are sounded. The precision at which the hour of arrival is fixed, is such that you may depend upon it within a few minutes; and the same reliance may be placed on the period of finishing the journey, whether it be made by water or by land." This is a most valuable trait of character in that people, and is well worthy of universal imitation. There are a considerable proportion of mankind who are always behind hand. Let them make ever so many or so important engagements, as it respects punctuality in time, they invariably fail. Many such have fallen within our observation; and the same want of exactness in point of time attends all their concerns. If they go to church upon the sabbath, they will not get there until after the services have commenced; and this happens to good, sober, pious Christians, as well as others—and it happens all their lives. Such is the inveteracy of this habit of negligence, that people, who would be shocked at the irreverence of any person who should so far forget himself as to disturb the devotions of a religious congregation by speaking, or in any other thoughtless manner, seem to have no idea that their entrance into the church in the midst of the most solemn exercises, has any thing in it improper or censurable.

The same thing occurs in the attendance of such persons upon public business, where they are associated with others. At meetings, appointed for the transaction of such business, if any considerable number are necessary to its accomplishment, there is often, and indeed usually, as much time spent in waiting for a *quorum*, as is consumed in attending to the object of the meeting. This is a great hardship upon those who make a point of being strictly punctual, for it costs them a double quantity of time. And these *behind hand persons*, if they would only suffer themselves to reflect, could not fail to remember, that punctuality would cost themselves no more time than the want of it. Judging from considerable experience and observation, we are very well convinced, that about as much time is spent in waiting for dilatory people, as is necessary for transacting the business immediately in view when appointments for the purpose are made.

Espriella, if we do not mistake the writer,

mentions his having taken passage in a stage coach at York, in England, which was to start at a certain hour. A few minutes before the time every thing was prepared, the passengers took their seats, the coachman mounted his box, took the reins and his whip, but did not move. Upon being inquired of why he did not start, as every thing was ready, he replied, *he was waiting for the Minster*—which meant the cathedral church of that name. In a minute or two the secret was explained, the Minster clock began to strike, and before it had finished the carriage was on its way. We have no doubt that this habit in the driver made every body who intended to make use of his vehicle strictly punctual. If, however, instead of starting at the moment, he had practised waiting five minutes, occasionally, there would have been much delay and vexation, by the dilatoriousness of these behind hand persons of whom we are speaking. We scarcely ever recollect to have been on the wharf when a steam boat was casting off, without finding some person left, or running with breathless speed to get aboard, being a few minutes *too late*. Such persons, when they find themselves safe on the deck, will almost always look at their watches, and find it *a few minutes later than they imagined*, or their watches a little too slow, or something else is made chargeable with the evil; when the honest truth is, *they are naturally or habitually behind hand*.

It is not easy to imagine, unless our attention has been particularly turned to the subject, how much time is lost, and how much a man's affairs suffer, from this dilatory disposition. It will more or less run through and affect all his concerns. A dilatory man is perpetually in a hurry. His business always drives him; and business transacted in a hurry, is rarely well done. We once knew a respectable mechanic, whose habit of punctuality was such, that in carrying on his trade quite extensively for more than forty years, he never disappointed a single customer by not having his work done at the time appointed; he never failed of sitting down to his meals within five minutes of the time; he made his family, as well as his workmen, conform strictly to his rules of punctuality; and it hardly need be added, that he always supported the fairest reputation as a man of business, and that he acquired an independent property beyond the handsome support of a large and expensive family.

[N. Y. Daily Adv.

THE PROMPTER—NO. VIII.

He does not work it right.

What a vulgar saying the Prompter has selected for his text in this number! Yet these vulgar sayings are often full of good sense.

I knew a young man who left the army with an invincible attachment to gambling. He followed it closely till he had lost most of his wages—he then purchased a shop of goods, mostly on credit—he had his nightly frolics—he *kept it up*—he was a blood of the first rate—his goods were soon gone and not paid for—his creditors called, and he began to cry *peccavi*—in fact, *he did not work it right*. But his friends helped him out of six scrapes, yea out of seven. At length necessity broke his spirit—it tamed him—he married, became a man of business, recovered his lost credit—and now *he works it right*.

I often say to myself, as I ride about the country, what a pity it is our farmers *do not work it right*. When I see a man turn his cattle into the street to run at large and waste their dung, during a winter's day, I say this man does not work it right. Ten loads of good manure, at least, is lost in a season by this slovenly practice—and all for what? For nothing, indeed, but to ruin a farm.

So when I see cattle, late in the fall or early in the spring, rambling in a meadow or mowing field, pouching the soil and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man *does not work it right*.

So when I see a barn yard with a drain to it, I say the owner does not work it right; for how easy is it to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle, to receive all the wash of the sides, which will be thus kept dry for the cattle. The wash of the yard, mixed with any kind of earth, or putrid straw, is the best manure in the world—yet how much do our farmers lose! In fact they do not work it right.

When I pass along the road and see a house with clapboards hanging an end with one nail, and old hats and cloths stuffed into the broken windows, and the fences tumbling down or destroyed, I conclude the owner loves rum—in truth, he does not work it right.

When I see a man frequently attending courts, I suspect *he does not work it right*.

When I see a countryman often go to the retailer's with a bottle, or the labouring man carrying home a bottle of rum after

his work is done on Saturday night, I am certain the man *does not work it right*.

When a farmer divides a farm of one hundred acres of land among five or six sons, and builds a small house for each, and sets them to work for a living on a little patch of land, I question whether *he works it right*. And when these sons are afterwards unable to live on these mutilated farms, and are compelled by a host of children to go to work by the day to get bread, I believe they are all convinced that *they have not worked it right*.

When a man tells me his wife will not consent to go from home into new settlements, where he may have land enough, and live like a nabob, and therefore he is obliged to sit down on a corner of his father's farm, I laugh at him, and some time or other he will own *he has not worked it right*.

A man in trade, who is not punctual in his payments, certainly *does not work it right*; nor does the man, who trusts his goods to *any body* and *every body*.

Whether in Congress or a kitchen, the person who *talks much* is *little regarded*. Some members of Congress then certainly *do not work it right*. A hint to the *wise* is sufficient; but twenty hints have not been sufficient to silence the clamorous tongues of some congressional spouters.

Family government gives complexion to the manners of a town: but when we see, every where, children profane, indelicate, rude, saucy, we may depend on it, their parents *do not work it right*.

I once knew a young man of excellent hopes, who was deeply in love with a lady. The first time he had an opportunity to whisper in her ear, and before he had made any impression on her heart in his favour, he sighed out his sorrowful tale to her in full explanation. The lady was frightened—she soon rid herself of the distressed lover—she said, *he did not work it right*.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Opinion in regard to British Metaphysicians, by the Germans.—At the last Leipzig fair, many new works on moral philosophy and metaphysics made their appearance. A hasty glance of several of these, enabled us to understand the general opinion entertained in Germany of the metaphysicians in Great Britain. Reid, they say, did little; Dugald Stewart is not an original writer, but eminently distinguished by the beauty and grace of his style. Gregory,

the physician, ingenious, but not original. Thomas Brown, a man of great promise as a bold and original thinker, and brings forcibly to recollection the period of the deep thinking Hume. Darwin a visionary. Paley an amiable but superficial writer. Playfair, the mathematician, a writer of powerful metaphysical articles in the Edinburgh Review.

Jameson's Marine Thermometer.—From many experiments made of late years by scientific persons, there seems every reason to believe that the thermometer is an instrument of far greater importance to navigators than it has been generally supposed.

The late celebrated Dr. Franklin was the first person who noticed the great difference between the temperature of the water on the North American coast, in and out of soundings, and suggested the use of a thermometer as an indicator of an approach to that dangerous shore, as it had been uniformly found that the nearer any vessel approximated the shore, the colder the temperature of the water became.

Afterwards colonel Jonathan Williams, of Philadelphia, endeavoured, with some success, to call the attention of seafaring men to the importance of the thermometer as a nautical instrument; and satisfactorily succeeded in showing, that no vessel on board of which a thermometer is, can possibly be cast away on the coast of the United States, without at least a sufficient warning of the approach to danger, to allow of its being avoided, unless the ship should be so entirely disabled as to be totally unmanageable.

The statements of Dr. Franklin and colonel Williams applied only to the coasts of North America: and hence it came to be generally supposed that the increased heat of the sea, when out of soundings, was caused by the Gulf stream current, which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, sweeps to the northward along the coasts of the United States: it has of late, however, been established, that the decreasing temperature of the water, as any vessel approaches the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and Barbary, is sufficient to give warning to any attentive navigator of his approach to these coasts; and it seems probable, from the experiments of Mr. Davy (brother to the celebrated Sir Humphrey), that the thermometer will be found to point out, not only the proximity of land, but also that of extensive banks, &c. in all places.

A person whose experience had shown

him, that in quitting the American coasts, there was an increase of twelve degrees of Fahrenheit's scale in the temperature of the sea in a few hours' run from the mouth of the Delaware, found also on approaching the coast of Portugal, that the mercury in the tube of the thermometer sunk from 69 degrees, at which it stood in the open sea, to 60½ degrees, when his ship was about three or four miles from Cape St. Vincent; and subsequently, that in beating through the Straits of Gibraltar, with a contrary wind, the mercury in the thermometer rose and fell in proportion to the distance he was from the Spanish or African shores, ranging from 68 degrees, at which it stood in the middle of the strait, to 61 degrees, which was the lowest to which it sunk on the African side; and on the Spanish shore it never fell lower than 64 degrees; which is easily accounted for, as the ship was never so near that shore, it being considered advisable to keep at a distance from the shoals, &c. near Tariffa.

The person already mentioned, having discovered many objections to the mode of using the thermometer, recommended by colonel Williams, and having had several thermometers broken, applied to different mechanics in various places to construct a marine thermometer case for him, which would protect the instrument, and facilitate its use, but unsuccessfully, until he some time since applied to Messrs. Gardner and Jameson, mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow. Mr. Jameson, of that firm, invented and made a case, which not only prevents the thermometer enclosed in it from being injured, but admits and retains water from any depth which may be desired; so that the results obtained by the experiments made with it are exempted from any chance of being influenced by the solar rays in summer weather or warm latitudes, or by the chill of the air in winter or cold climates, as by an ingenious contrivance the bulb of the thermometer is kept immersed in a column of water admitted and retained by the case, from the greatest depth to which it has been sunk.

Mr. Purdy, the hydrographer of London, has expressed his opinion of Mr. Jameson's invention in very flattering terms, as have also many highly respectable scientific and nautical men.

Aurum Miliun.—Mr. N. Mill has discovered a new metal resembling gold, and possessing some of its best qualities, which he calls aurum miliun. In colour, it resembles 60s. gold, and is nearly as heavy

in specific gravity as jewellers' gold. It is malleable, and has the invaluable property of not easily tarnishing. It is very hard and sonorous, and requires care in the working. The price of it being from 4s. to 4s. 6d. an ounce, will not be an obstacle to its general use; and for beauty there is not any metal that exceeds it, and it is susceptible of an exquisite polish.

Description of Norway.—The following account of the appearance of Norway, as distinguished from Sweden, is given by Bedemar;—Norway, he says, consists principally of a mountain-basin, surrounded by the remains of an elevated platform, the exterior border of which, jagged by deep cuts, and ascending to a great height, lies around the whole of the ridge of the principal range of mountains. The sea has penetrated to this border, through the abysses which have been opened; and the western storms, and an ill judged industry, have circumscribed within the vallies the scanty woods which run through the basin itself. On the outside descend only mountain torrents, short in their course: the large streams belong to the centre of the land. * * * * They form many beautiful and high waterfalls, and many large lakes in their course. On the coasts only are a few towns to be found;—the rest of the country is covered with insulated dwellings; brown log-houses, surrounded by a few cornfields and extensive meadows, small and independent possessions, suited to the independent and sturdy character of the people. In the vicinity of rivers, which are at times nearly invisible from the quantity of timber floating down them, numerous saw mills are to be seen; and a few iron and copper works are to be met with in the spaces cleared from wood. Along the sea shore, habitations, solitary or in groups, surrounded with implements for fishing, and curing fish, appear like so many nests in the green hollows among the rocks. Over all this, an atmosphere generally clear, delightful, and invigorating, is spread as far as the 69—70 of latitude, after which we meet with deep and impenetrable fogs, a sealike lead, and the melancholy silence of an uninterrupted wilderness.

RAFT OF THE MEDUSA.

London, July 18.

The dreadful story of the wreck of the Medusa, French frigate, and of the horrid circumstances through which 135 out of 150 miserable creatures perished on the raft which their inhuman companions cut adrift,

and left to the mercy of the storm, is well known to the public. This subject has been painted on a very large scale by a Mr. Jerriault, and the exhibition of the picture opened yesterday at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall. The artist has taken the thirteenth day on the raft for his time, and the moment that when the Argus sloop is discovered by the survivors, and when their last remaining strength is exhausted to make those signals which succeeded in obtaining their rescue. This work far excels any thing we have ever seen of the school to which it belongs. The subject, though horrible, is not disgusting, and for anatomical skill we hardly know a superior production. There is more of nature, of the grand simplicity of art, and of true expression, than is usual with the highest of the modern French painters; and Mr. Jerriault has displayed the deepest tragic powers in the various groups into which he has thrown the poor remnant of sufferers. The dying, the dead, the despairing, and the hoping, are well portrayed, and we think the public would be much gratified with a sight of this performance alone. It is, however, surrounded in the gallery by many fine paintings.

WEIGHT OF GREAT CHARACTERS,

Weighed at the Scales at West Point, August 19, 1783.

General Washington	209 lbs.
General Lincoln	224
General Knox	280
General Huntington	132
General Groaton	166
Colonel Swift	219
Colonel Michael Jackson	252
Colonel Henry Jackson	238
Lieutenant Colonel Huntington	232
Lieutenant Colonel Cobb	186
Lieutenant Colonel Humphreys	221

The above memorandum was found in the pocket book of a deceased officer of the Massachusetts line.

Curiosity respecting the form, physiognomy and stature of eminent men is universal; biographers usually attempt to gratify their readers by detailing all such minute circumstances; yet who knows the weight of general Bonaparte, or the duke of Wellington? Those who read their biography would be gratified to know the cubic inches and exact dimensions of the clay tenements occupied by such martial spirits.

The average weight of these eleven distinguished revolutionary officers, is 214 lbs. and exceeds, we think, that of an equal number of any other nation. [Salem Gaz.

Patent Machine Paper of J. & T. Gilpin, Brandywine.

Clark & Raser, Printers.